

Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —



JUNE

1958





AERIAL VIEW of the landing strip at Warazup, Burma, in August 1944. U. S. Army photo. There was considerable air traffic here during the war, but the strip has long since returned to the jungle.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 12, No. 6

June, 1958

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Laurens, Iowa

Letter FROM The Editors . . .

● **All of us**, as CBI veterans, know and appreciate that a spirit of comradeship binds us together in a manner unknown to veterans of other Theaters of World War II. The very existence and growth of Ex-CBI Roundup is proof of the close relationship of CBI-ers with one another. Many a subscriber of ten years standing has never seen the name of a former member of his outfit in the magazine, yet he continues to subscribe and reads each new issue with the same enthusiasm as he did a decade ago. The reason is simple: Ex-CBI Roundup is a means of "reliving" the past, those interesting months spent in countries half-way around the world. Many of our readers go farther toward reliving those days; they attend the CBI Veterans Association Reunion each year. **This** is truly reliving those days in CBI. The very purpose of this paragraph is to urge our good readers to make an effort to attend the 11th Annual Reunion at Cincinnati next August. Chances are good you will see some of your old buddies, or, at least, someone who was stationed at the same base in India, Burma or China.

● **This month's cover** shows Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell (left) with two enlisted men, preparing to leave Ningah Sakan, Burma, to inspect the ferry crossing the Tanai River at Kantau. U. S. Army photo, 1944.

● **Next issue** is the last until October, inasmuch as no issues will be published for August and September. Letters and articles received at Roundup's office after June 10 will appear in the October or subsequent issues. Please continue to send your letters, articles and photos during the summer months. This period enables us to prepare for the winter issues.

JUNE, 1958



Two CBI Outfits

● Was attached to 967th Engineer Maintenance Co. and also to 327th Quartermaster Group near Ledo. I do not recall ever seeing any articles about either of these outfits. Am hopeful someday to read something of them.

LLOYD A. LOCKWOOD,
Battle Creek, Mich.

B-25 Pilot

● I was with the 12th Bomb Group, 83rd Squadron, pilot of a B-25.

GEORGE MATTHEWS,
Fayetteville, N. C.

Hospitals in India

● Served with the 159th Station Hospital and later with the 181st General Hospital at Karachi, India, two years. Also served a year with the 95th Station Hospital at Chabua, India.

PAUL E. RUEGER,
Fairborn, Ohio



PADDED CLOTHING is worn for protection against the cold by these two Chinese children. U. S. Army photo.



GARDENS OF SHALAMAR built by the builder of the Taj Mahal at Agra, India. Photo by J. T. Howard.

Personal Experience

● I read the book, NEVER SO FEW, as well as TRUE magazine's BETRAYAL IN CHINA, and will neither condemn the story, nor say it is true. I believe there were plenty of reasons for the story, as the following personal experience will prove: It was in late January, 1944, that I hitchhiked a ride from Kweilin back to Kunming, trying to chisel some Signal training equipment, when I met a Major who was under house arrest, awaiting disposition of his "case". It seems that his duty was officer in charge of convoys running material, supplies and mail to the GI's down on the Salween, and the previous convoy had been shot up by a pack of bandits, taking all supplies, slitting open the mail bags which included Christmas packages from home, throwing away all that they could not use. The Major's "case" was simply that he refused to take another convoy through, as ordered, until they were all armed, and with orders to shoot. This was refused on the grounds that the bandits were Chinese, and subjects of the G-MO, and NO CHINESE WERE TO BE SHOT. I left Kunming the following day, and have often wondered

what final "disposition" was made of the Major's "case."

BOYD B. HILL,
Colonel, AUS. (Ret.)
Long Beach, Miss.

Iowa CBI Vets Elect

● One hundred and twenty-seven CBI vets and wives attended the spring meeting and party of the Carl F. Moershel Basha at Amana, Ia., on April 19 including several from Milwaukee and Chicago Bashes. Twenty attendance prizes were given away and there were short talks by Gene Brauer, national adjutant; Dante Barcella, national public relations officer; Neil Maurer, editor of Roundup, and others. It was voted to give \$25 to help furnish the national office in Milwaukee, and also to submit a bid at Cincinnati to invite the 1960 national reunion to Cedar Rapids, Ia. The fall meeting will be held at Fort Dodge, Ia. New officers elected at this meeting are Fritz Mars of Homestead, commander; Henry Hertel of South Amana, vice commander; Ray Alderson of Dubuque, adjutant; Bob Hopkins of Montezuma, historian; and Harold Hawk of Des Moines, chaplain.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa

A Long Time Since

● Thank you for sending me the April issue of the Ex-CBI Roundup. It does indeed seem a long time since those days. I do not know when I saw a more determined group of men than those who tried to run that CBI Roundup.

GEORGE GRIM,
"I Like It Here" Columnist
The Minneapolis Tribune

'Betrayal in China'

● I hope I am not too late to comment on "Betrayal in China," which appeared in the March issue. Just found time to read it last night, motivated by the storm of letters in your last issue. Whatever possesses men to write such tripe as fact when it is plainly fiction is beyond me. By your reprinting the story in Roundup you infer there might be some truth to these lies. I'll go along with General Stratemeyer that Chiang Kai-shek is a good Joe.

EMIL FLETCHER,
Bradenton, Fla.

Back Issues!

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THE ROUNDUP

P. O. Box 188
Laurens, Iowa

Reunion Planned

● 780th Engr. Petro. Dist. Co. (CBI) reunion planned for September or October. Write Larry Westerfield, acting secretary, 2045 High Avenue, Topeka, Kans.

FRANK CROCOMBE,
Centereach, L. I., N. Y.

Writer Wanted

● I am looking for someone who is a free lance writer, to write the biography of my mother, Cornelia Morgan, missionary to China for 44 years. It could be entitled, "The Angel of Burma Road." I already have three publishers interested in the material, but I must send them the manuscript. I can't do it alone.

MICHAEL KAN,
Former interpreter
Battle Creek, Mich.

Growing Organization

● On April 26th I attended the national executive meeting of the CBI-VA in Cincinnati. Would venture to say that it was the best attended meeting in the history of the organization. Eleven national officers plus two past national commanders were in attendance plus one non officer from Texas and several from Ohio.

The reunion committee of the Cincinnati Basha outlined the reunion plans and with the exception of a few minor suggestions for changes there was complete acceptance and approval of the program. I am sure that the reunion in August will be an event that reunionists will long remember and pleasantly recall. Only those sahibs and memsahibs who are unfortunate enough to miss this forthcoming reunion will suffer pangs of regret. The wallahs from Cincinnati and Ohio are to be congratulated for their fine foresight planning and labors to assure a successful reunion.

Since I am a member of several veterans organiza-

tions and an officer or past officer in several of these, what particularly impressed me was the evergrowing enthusiasm there is in our wonderful organization. Other veterans organizations are finding difficulty retaining membership and interest, whereas ours instead of ebbing seems to be surging to greater heights. It makes me pretty proud to be an officer in such a group.

Gene Brauer, Les Dencker and Leo Meranda outlined plans for the dedication of the national headquarters of the CBI-VA in Milwaukee on June 21. "Red" Adams stated they were hoping to make this event one that will make Milwaukee forget the 1957 world series. All those anxious to attend this gala fete and celebration can find details in the May issue of the Ex-CBI Roundup.

HAROLD H. KRETCHMAR
Junior Vice Commander—
West

Maplewood, Mo.

Cincinnati Bound

● Plan to be in Cincinnati and hope to see some of the 209th Engineer (Combat) Battalion boys.

ROBERT N. STEFFLEY,
Hannibal, Mo.

Recalled for Two years

● My husband took the magazine for some years after World War II . . . in April of 1951 he was recalled for two years. He was a jet instructor. We now live on a farm, have five children and Walter works for an oil well servicing company. I know my husband will enjoy the magazine as he always did.

MRS. WALTER SCHIEFFER
Perry, Okla.

FELIX A. RUSSELL

Patent Lawyer

MEMBER OF

General Stilwell Basha

Record of Invention Forms

FREE UPON REQUEST

Colorado Building
Washington, D.C.



ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT of the 758th Railway Shop Battalion in Assam is pictured here. Note Indian worker squatting on the bench in typical pose. Photo by Andy Brydon.

Cincinnati, Here We Come!

Cincinnati, the Queen City, will roll out its regal velvet carpet of welcome, Aug. 14-16, when the nation's CBI veterans converge upon this Ohio city for CBIVA's 11th annual family reunion. The Sheraton Gibson hotel will be the focal point of excitement.

And, exciting it will be, as those who have attended any of the previous gatherings will verify.

Pre-reunion fun will include attending the baseball game on the evening of Aug. 13 between the world champion Milwaukee Braves and the Cincinnati Redlegs at Crosley field. Those desiring to attend the game and wishing to be seated in a special CBI block are asked to send their ticket applications in before the first of July.

Reserved grandstand seats sell for \$2.00—box seats are \$2.50. Send money and request to CBIVA Baseball Night, P.O. Box 1848, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

On Thursday morning an interesting tour of the Proctor & Gamble plant has been arranged by reunion chairman Bill Eynon. To get things working with a clean start we suggest this trip not be missed.

Reunion business will begin on Thursday afternoon and colorful opening ceremonies are slated.

A moonlight cruise down the beautiful Ohio river aboard the Johnson party boat will take place that evening. There'll be music, dancing and plenty of refreshments.

Official reunion business will be transacted on Friday morning during a brief session.

Following the session it will be off to Coney Island Amusement park for a day-



HEADQUARTERS of the 11th Annual Reunion in Cincinnati will be Hotel Sheraton-Gibson, shown above.

long party. There'll be swimming for everyone and a big time is in prospect. A tasty luncheon is scheduled to be served.

The big and colorful Puja Night festivities are slated for Friday evening. Everyone will be decked out in native costume as the parade swings down Fountain Square. Everyone will then converge upon the Sheraton-Gibson Roof Garden for an evening of fun and relaxation. Buddy Rogers will play for your dancing pleasure and, of course, there'll be plenty



SKYLINE of Cincinnati, site of the 11th Annual CBI Reunion, August 14-16, taken from the Northern Kentucky Shores. Photo by Cincinnati Convention and Visitors Bureau.

Cincinnati, Here We Come!

of refreshments to keep you from suffering from thirst.

New Association officials will be chosen at a Saturday morning session which will be followed by the traditional Memorial Service honoring our deceased comrades of CBI.

At noon, the Memorial building will be the scene of the Past Commanders Luncheon. After lunch, it will be off on a sight-seeing tour of the big city.

Movies of last year's Detroit reunion, plus those taken by Past Commander Robert Nesmith on his recent trip through the East, will complete the afternoon billing.

Saturday evening is slated, of course, the annual Commanders Banquet and Ball. Buddy Keyes Orchestra will give out with his best at the Roof Garden celebration.

For those reunionists who will be seek-

ing extra fun, we can recommend the traditional trek between hospitality rooms. Milwaukee, St. Louis, and Houston have already indicated they will be in operation this year. And we expect Ohio, Detroit, Iowa and Chicago will be offering hospitality as well.

Registration fee for the 1958 reunion will be \$17 and will include corkage fees for both Roof Garden celebrations. Reunionists are invited to bring along their own liquors, with beer and set-ups to be dispensed by the hotel.

The Cincinnati reunion will mark the 10th anniversary of CBIVA, and if you're not there to enjoy the festivities, we know you will be disappointed when you hear of the fun and enjoyment shared in by the reunionists.

Remember the date, Aug. 13-16, 1958—the place, the Sheraton Gibson in Cincinnati.

Headquarters Dedication To Mark Second Decade

When the China-Burma-India Veterans Association officially dedicates its newly established headquarters in the Milwaukee War Memorial Center, Saturday, June 21, it will mark the beginning of the second decade of CBIVA history.

Ten years ago, CBIVA had its modest beginning at a national reunion in Milwaukee with veterans from 14 states making the trek on a bit of newspaper publicity or radio announcement. They came, they were enthused, they'll always be members of CBIVA.

Festivities which were enlarged upon in the last issue of Soundoff will begin at 2 p.m. with a band program by the 80-piece Craig-Schloesser junior band. From then on it will be a continuous day of entertainment climaxed by a dinner-dance.

A \$5 per person charge will be your tab for this great affair, a once-in-a-lifetime event, and CBI veterans from all over the nation are invited.

Send your reservations now to CBIVA Dedication Committee, Box 1848, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin. Deadline for reservations is June 12.

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Fair Highlights European Tour

CBI-ers, their wives, families and friends who have signed up for the Roundup-sponsored tour of Europe August 10 to September 12 will have the time of their lives visiting the many countries in Free Europe, as well as the education and fascinating feature of seeing the 1958 World's Fair at Brussels, Belgium—the first such fair in many years.

The Brussels World's Fair opened its doors on April 17th, after nearly five years of intense preparation. Every possible effort has been made to guarantee the warmest welcome to the people of the world. Official Fair Hostesses, fluent in many languages, will be stationed at all ports-of-entry, airports, bus and rail terminals, and at the fairgrounds to greet and assist visitors. They will provide brochures, maps, and colored lapel buttons denoting the language spoken by the visitor.

Due to the crowded itinerary of the CBI tour group, in visiting most of the countries in Free Europe, only one day is allowed for visiting the World's Fair. But those who wish to see more of the Fair will be free to return to Brussels from Paris at the end of the tour. Special arrangements for this may be made through our travel agents.

You will undoubtedly want to spend more time at the Fair. Remember, the last universal exhibition to take place anywhere in the world was the New York World's Fair of 1939-40.

Let us delve a bit on this highly publicized spectacle, which runs until October 19, 1958.

By bringing the peoples of the world together in an atmosphere of peaceful exchange, the Brussels World's Fair seeks a rekindling of humane values and a step toward improved understanding among nations. Modern technology, which has rendered contacts between nations infinitely easy, has not reduced the tensions and distrust which divide our world more profoundly than time and distance. A psychological reunion on the people-to-people basis is urgently needed.

In effect, the theme of the exhibition as symbolized by the Atomium, is a declaration of faith—mankind's ability to mold the Atomic Age to the ultimate advantage of all nations and peoples.

Fifty nations, seven international agencies, private and public organizations of six continents have joined together to create the first World's Fair of the Atomic Era. The exhibition will cover 500 acres in Heysel Park, four miles from the center of Brussels. The scores of

participants are grouped in four major exhibit areas. These are:

THE BELGIAN SECTION. New techniques in the service of man will keynote comprehensive exhibits of industry, enterprise and research. Forty-six large-scale displays will be organized by groups of Associated Exhibitors which offer similar goods or services to mankind. In addition, 35 Belgian firms will construct private pavilions to display their individual contributions to progress.

THE BELGIAN CONGO AND RUANDA-URUNDI SECTION. Africa is sometimes called "tomorrow's continent." The indigenous arts and crafts of a talented, dynamic people will be displayed in a cluster of seven pavilions comprising the Congo and Ruanda-Urundi Section. Adjoining the buildings will be a lavish Congolese garden featuring extraordinary tropical vegetation of central Africa.

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Needham 92, Mass.

Fair Highlights European Tour

THE FOREIGN SECTION. Varying national customs, traditions and achievements will be displayed in pavilions of advanced architectural design. Each nation will portray its own conception of human happiness and the ways it considers best calculated to assure happy and fruitful lives for its citizens. By meeting at Brussels in an atmosphere of peaceful exchange, nations and peoples will have an unparalleled opportunity to know and understand each other better.

THE INTERNATIONAL SECTION. Seven international organizations which serve mankind on a global scale will be represented. This city of world cooperation will base its displays on a plea for unity to solve the problems of nations and to meet the basic needs of the world's rapidly growing population.

Other features in this tremendous Fair include film festivals, musical events, theatrical events, ballet and folk dancing, folklore, flower shows, fashion events, automobile show, international fireworks competition, sports events. There will be a main reception hall, information lounge, restrooms, heliport connections to all main European cities, rail and bus depot, "Children's Kingdom," auditorium, theater, gateways, planetarium, aerial tramway and teleports, the "World's Fair

Limited," a train ride through the fairgrounds. Shops, restaurants and cafes.

It is no wonder that the Fair is receiving such wide international publicity. It is a MUST for every American who can possibly go.

We could go on and on in telling you about the wonderful Fair at Brussels. But seeing it is far better than reading about it. We hope you will be among us when we depart on the grand tour of Europe in August.

Remember, we are restricting the size of this tour to one busload, about 32 people, so that our group may be together while sightseeing through England, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Liechtenstein, Austria, Germany, Italy, Monaco, and France.

If you have not already done so, send a postal card to our travel agent, CBI-er Larry Leenhouts, c/o Travel Service Bureau, 32 Dedham, Needham 92, Mass., and he will send you a copy of the detailed brochure outlining this wonderful, low-cost, all-expense tour.

Those who have wanted to see Europe—this is the best year for such a tour. Go with our CBI group, see Europe and, at the same time, see the outstanding spectacle in Brussels. Act now. Tomorrow may be too late!
THE END



HARBOR at Monte Carlo. Members of the tour party will stop overnight at Nice, France, where those who wish may spend an evening at the famous gambling casino.

The Accidental Traitor

*Courtesy True, The Men's Magazine.
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By J. H. DENNY with GEORGE SCULLIN

(First of Two Installments)

I've always had a great admiration for those chaps who thrive on heroic, suicidal missions, but I can't say I was ever carried away to the point of wishing to join them. Admiration is one thing, but—and I can say this quite firmly after my one excursion into their field of derring-do—emulation is another. There is a definite knack to it. The regular chaps come home covered with whole clusters of medals. When I came back, the general staff labeled me "indiscreet," and left me with the distinct impression that I was lucky to have escaped the firing squad.

Even now, 14 years later, the circumstances surrounding my adventure still appear so strange that I can appreciate why "the case of Subaltern J. H. Denny, considered from every angle, is somewhat confused." I am confused myself, but most of the events remain horribly clear.

Late in 1943 I was a subaltern at Aldershot, England, completing an intensive course in mine planting, demolition in general, and bridge destruction in particular. About all I had ever heard of Burma was that we were having bad luck over there, and that the Japs were overrunning the place. Our own group was being groomed for the invasion of Europe, still a long way in the future, so it came as a shock one December morning to discover I had joined Wingate's Burma Raiders as a sapper, and was on my way.

Maj. Gen. Orde Wingate was a hard, brilliant and bitter man. If the Japs had a fanatical desire to die for their emperor, he had an even more fanatical desire to assist them. The disasters in Burma, in which thousands of English men, women and children, as well as troops, had died before the advancing Jap hordes had turned him into a ruthless, avenging demon. Now that his chance had come to strike back, he was moving fast.

On January 18, 1944, I joined the 16th Infantry Brigade at a concentration area near Deolali, just north of Bombay. Except for a few specialists like myself, the outfit was composed almost entirely of tough, acclimated veterans of Wingate's 1943

What was the secret of the innocent-looking brass Budda? Why was it the key to the Japs' Burma campaign? The young jungle fighter risked a charge of treason to find out.

campaigns. We newcomers were given 12 bewildering hours in which to get acclimated and conditioned, and then, with some 300 English soldiers and 200 Burmese, we were loaded on a train running on such a secret schedule that probably only Wingate knew its final destination.

It was an agonizing trip, the compartments boiler-hot and overcrowded; on the evening of the fourth day, we pulled into a station that bore an oversized sign proclaiming it to be Dimapur. The name meant nothing to me—but it would.

And now begins a sequence of weird events.

Our own military police cleared the long station platform of loungers, beggars, and fly-clouded peddlers of fruit and sweets, and with repeated warnings that we were not to talk to strangers, we were allowed out to stretch our legs. I grabbed at the chance. I'd had it. I didn't know if I was train sick or still sea sick, and cared less. All I wanted was to be alone, with something solid under my feet, and something steady to lean against.

At the end of the platform I saw a large tree some hundred yards away, and lurched over to it, breathing great lungfuls of fresh air.

How long I leaned against that comforting tree I don't know, but a blast from the train whistle aroused me, and I was startled to discover it was almost dark. I started to run, fearful of being left behind. I rounded a corner and slammed into two men standing close together. Something glittering was knocked from the hand of one, and then for a stunned second we stared at each other while I tried to gasp an apology. Before my words could form, the two broke away, one running toward the station doorway, and the other toward the rear of the train.

I was too new to India and the grimness of actual warfare to be suspicious of

the pair. About all I could tell was that one of them was a Hindu civilian and the other was a Burmese soldier. I had been assured by the veterans in my compartment that our Burmese troops were loyal to the last man and hated the Japs even more than we did. That I should have collided with the one exception—

I retrieved the glittering object, and ran for the train, intending to return whatever it was to the owner the next day. If I had, the outcome of the Burma campaign might have been altogether different.

The object, when I got a chance to look at it in my compartment, turned out to be a solid brass idol of some kind, about four inches high, and beautifully finished. It represented a cheerful, paunchy little fellow squatting like a yogi with his hands at his sides. It aroused no interest when I passed it around to my fellow-sufferers. "One of them blinkin' Buddhas the Burmese carry for luck," said a tanned veteran. "A shilling buys the lot."

At 4 a.m. the train stopped in a blinding rain, and we were dumped out in the middle of the jungle between stations. A trail of sorts led us to a paved highway about a mile away, where American trucks driven by American soldiers picked us up. They carried us another 40 miles, and by pea-green daylight we were deep in virgin jungle again. We were up in the American zone of northeastern Assam, about an hour's march south of what was to become the famed Ledo Road. As far as the outside was concerned, 500 of Wingate's raiders had vanished.

Wingate's plans for us were brutally simple. The Japs occupied every trail down to the merest footpath and every native village of more than a dozen huts. That left him only the impassable jungle through which to reach his objectives, so it was through the jungle we would pass, avoiding all trails and villages. Comfort was the last of his concerns, but he was a fiend for efficiency, and it was not part of his program that the jungle should kill us before we could kill some Japs.

I remember him from only one briefing session. For an hour he spoke exclusively on the care of weapons and explosives under jungle conditions without so much as a word about the care and preservation of men. But he had planned for our welfare. From every branch of the service he had begged, borrowed, and scrounged the most advanced pieces of equipment he could adapt to jungle warfare. Mules to carry necessary supplies, airplanes to drop in heavy supplies when needed, helicopters to pick up the sick and the wounded, wireless sets and

signal corps men to keep communication open with headquarters, gliders to bring in replacements—he was thinking of us all the time though he would have been the last to admit it. He was killed not long after, while out on a flight to see how his men were faring.

We set up headquarters there in the rain-soaked jungle. Every day small bands of raiders would slip away from camp with their mules. As Wingate saw it, no Jap railway or highway bridge, no airport, ammunition dump, motor pool, or communications center was too far away or too heavily guarded for his raiders to blow up.

In the excitement of the 4 a.m. detraining and the soggy misery of my first days in the jungle, I had forgotten the brass Buddha. One afternoon I chanced upon it in my kit while searching for my book on jungle survival. It was turning a little green, but even my inexperienced eye could tell it was an expensive piece. I sought out the commander of the Burmese troops, Capt. Chit Kin, who took the Buddha for a day, and then returned it. "It does not belong to any of my soldiers," he said. "The fact is, it's a fake, and no self-respecting Buddhist would have it about. A good statue of Buddha shows him with his arms folded across his knees, palms up. This one has his arms straight down by his sides, and that is not good."

As I was to discover, it was absolutely not good. I tossed it back in my knapsack and forgot it again.

I was in a strange position in the midst of all the hardened veterans. As Captain Mitchell explained it to me, "It's too bad you blokes fresh from England have to be rushed into this thing, but it would take three months to toughen you up, and we haven't the time. So ease along when we shove off tomorrow. We don't want to carry you if you collapse, but we'll do it if we have to. We'll need you on the job."

I was treated more like a piece of fragile equipment than a self-sufficient raider, and it is just as well. The three weeks of forced jungle marching that took us by circuitous routes across the mountains and rivers of Burma—the southern end of the Hump, to within 80 miles of the Burma-China border—would have felled me, I'm sure, if I'd had to carry an extra toothbrush. There was something almost superhuman about the way the veterans could cut trails wide enough for the mules until their hands were bleeding, swollen chunks of meat, and still keep up the pace.

Only the leaders knew where we were going—a precaution against stragglers falling into the hands of the Japs, and

revealing the plans under torture. Yet we were a party in strength—160 men—so I knew our objective was to be a tough one.

We had one setback that was to prove serious as far as I was concerned. On February 14th, in an open area on the banks of the Chindwin River, we received our vital and final delivery of supplies from three transport planes. The planes dipped into the valley right on schedule at dusk, but parachuted our supplies, and for a few moments it looked as though they had been dropped with pinpoint accuracy. Then, only a few hundred yards above our heads, a freak valley wind caught the chutes and carried them downriver. We recovered less than a third. I lost a 75-pound spool of insulated wire that I needed for my explosives.

Our taut group went on, crossing the Chindwin in life rafts powered by outboard motors. The rafts, motors and boatmen had been parachuted in in advance by Wingate, and the boatmen told some pretty harrowing tales of their narrow escapes from Jap scouting parties.

The announcement of our objective did nothing to relieve the tension. Said Captain Mitchell: "We are to destroy a quarter-of-a-mile long bridge on the Myitkyina-Mandalay Railway. It is also a main highway bridge, and it is strongly guarded. We estimate the defending force to be twice the size of ours, but it is divided, half on one side of the river, and half on the other. Given the element of surprise and a little luck, we've got it made. You, Denny, will blow out the four central piers of the bridge. Six men will be detailed to help you. Regardless of what is going on on either side of the bridge, you will plant your explosives and destroy that bridge. Is that clear?" At last I began to feel I was more than just a handicap to the British Army.

On the evening of February 17th our advance scouts returned with all the details, and once more I was impressed with the thoroughness of a Wingate raid. They had observed a changing of the guard. Their maps of the bridge approaches, anti-aircraft emplacements, machine gun nests, and sentry posts were marvelously complete. Their diagram of the bridge, complete to the last piling, looked almost as good as a blueprint. My six men and I studied it until we were convinced we could find our way over the wooden piers and plant our explosives in the dark—which is exactly what we would have to do.

Shortly before midnight we were within a quarter-of-a-mile of the bridge, and there we halted while our dagger and throttle experts crept forward to silence the outermost sentries. A few minutes

later two details of sappers were off to plant the land mines that would hold up traffic approaching the bridge from either direction. Then we waited while the tension grew. The main attack was planned for shortly before dawn.

Nervously I went over my gear. My regular equipment included a Mae West, survival kit complete with silk map, K-rations, two grenades, canteen, Sten gun and ammunition. On top of that I had a rope ladder, tool kit, a spool of stout twine, shovel, assorted wires and detonators, some slabs of guncotton, and nine grenade mines I was to plant as booby traps on the far approach of the bridge. It occurred to me that if I took a header in my rush for the bridge, one booby would be trapped before he started, and loudly.

At about the moment the dagger and throttle boys should have been occupying a few Jap machine gun nests, we heard the sharp rattle of Sten guns followed by the explosions of hand grenades. The need for concealment was gone. The rush began.

I ran for the bridge with my group, but loaded as we were, we broke no records. Other men passed us, carrying machine guns and belts of ammunition. There was a lot of firing, but that was not our concern. As we ran across the bridge the men assigned to each pier dropped out and went over the side with their slabs of guncotton. They could not have acted with more precision if they had been rehearsing with blanks in a training field.

I ran on to the end of the bridge. Bullets sang like an outraged hive of bees around me. I buried the mines according to plan as fast as I could, but it was agonizing work. In burying mines that explode at a touch, there is something gut-shrinking about covering them in the dark with shaly rocks and gravel. In the 30 tense minutes I was at it, the only comforting thing was that the gunners covering us allowed no Japs to come close.

The mines finally planted, I ran back on the bridge to join the sappers fixing the explosives around the pier bases. They had about finished their work, and only a few more minutes were needed to insert the primers and detonators in the slabs of guncotton, and connect them to the electric leads running back to the exploder.

It was then I discovered how desperately I needed that extra spool of wire that had drifted away from us on the Chindwin drop. No matter how hard I tried, I could not stretch my wire, and I was left with my exploder in a very exposed position about three-quarters of the way up the steep river bank. I was on the

inside of a bowl, and about to set off an explosion at the bottom. Another 100 yards of wire would have put me safely beyond the rim. I kept telling myself that blowing up wooden pilings was far less dangerous than blowing up brick or steel piers, but my nerves weren't believing it.

There was just enough dawn light for me to see the boys holding the opposite end of the bridge return with a rush, and then came Mitchell's panting voice. "Let her have it. And run."

I let her have it, putting my full weight on the plunger to get maximum output from the exploder. Before I could straighten up to run, the blast hurled me up and backward. As the debris rained down, I rolled over on my face and covered my head with my hands, wishing I had a steel helmet. The wooden rain ceased, and I started to get up.

I did feel the shock on the back of my head, or I think I did, and I do remember falling headlong down the steep river bank, wrapped in all my worldly goods . . .

Then it was gray dawn, and I was lying in some bushes I had never seen before. One foot was dangling in the river, and with some vague idea that the river was no place for it, I pulled it out. The foot worked all right, which both astonished and relieved me. I tried to get up, and nearly blacked out again. My head was throbbing, and I was literally soaked with blood. My hands, face and neck were dripping. Panic nearly got me before I discovered that during the time I'd been unconscious I had been attacked by scores of leeches, and their bites, loaded with some anti-coagulating fluid, had continued to bleed long after the beggars had dropped off, sated. After that the wound on my head did not seem so bad. It was a turkey-egg-sized lump split down the middle by a wide, two-inch gash.

The rest of the day I could hear Japs all around me, but I could not see them, and no one came close to my thicket. From my hide-out I could see the bridge, and it was a shambles. If the Japs found me now—

The only thing to take my mind from that miserable thought was more misery, and that came before noon. The caked blood from my leech bites and my head wound brought clouds of flies that bit so fiercely I thought they would drive me from the thicket.

Toward dusk, after I must have fainted a few times, I was able to think more rationally. My first desire was to get back with my outfit, but that was impossible—I had no idea where they had gone. My only chance lay in trying

to make it back to our base in India alone.

I did not worry about how slim my chances were. When they are the only chances you have, you either hop to it, or do something useless like dying on the spot. As soon as the moon came up high enough to enable me to see, I crawled along the water's edge to the jungle. By midnight I felt safe.

Three days later, rationless, torn and suffering from an abnormal fear of snakes—though I had seen none—I came to a large stream. My aching stomach was trying to work nourishment out of some fibrous bamboo shoots and apparently wearing itself raw. The stream was a blessing. I pulled the pin on a grenade and tossed it into a deep pool. The explosion brought small fish to the surface, and I gathered them before they could be swept downstream.

I recalled from my survival lessons that fish should be cut into strips and smoke-dried over a fire. After a couple of hours I had some blackened, watery versions of kippered herring. I gulped down several and, even in my semi-starved state, they were remarkably revolting.

About three hours later, a pain seized my stomach so violently I thought I had been bayoneted by a Jap. Next I began retching desperately. The seizures gripped me off and on all night, and were still with me when I started off the next day.

Only flashes of what happened next return to me now. By noon I knew I was extremely sick, and I suspected the fish. Another time I remember lurching down an open trail, telling myself to leave it in favor of the jungle—that the Japs used the trails—but I did nothing about that. My next recollection is of a pretty girl asking me in English, "Are you a British officer?"

I did nothing about that foolish dream either. The pain and the nausea had returned. Once I fell out of bed, and told myself that that was all wrong—that I wasn't in a bed.

The girl came back and asked me if I felt better. I decided I had never felt worse. Still, it was nice to have a pretty hallucination to talk to after being alone so long, so I said "Of course."

"Are you really a British officer?"

My head was clearing rapidly. I was in Jap territory. Maybe in a Jap camp. Still, I was in uniform—no, I was in bed, in a thatched hut—but I could hardly pass myself off as Hindu, or Burmese or Jap. "That's right," I agreed.

"Where is your army?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," I admitted. "I don't even know where I am."

"Then what are you doing here with this?" She held up the brass Buddha.

"Oh, that," I said stupidly. "That's just something I found somewhere and forgot to throw away."

There were a lot more questions, but my brain was fogging up badly again, and most of my answers were mumbles. Just before blanking out I heard her say, "I think you are too sick to lie, but if you speak truly I would not say to anyone else what you have said to me. The headman of our village thinks this statue is important, and he will notify the Japanese."

From time to time I would awaken to find the girl offering me a sort of chicken and rice broth. I was willing, but my stomach wasn't. This lasted for maybe a day, and then I awoke clear of head and absolutely famished.

Her name was Ma Pu, and she made a delicious rice stew. "In Rangoon," she told me, "I was the nurse and companion of an English lady, and she called me Mary. When the Japs came, we had to flee north with the English refugees. My lady became sick near this village, but I stayed with her while the others went on. When she died, I had no place to come but here."

"What about the headman?" I asked. "He hates the Japanese, but what can he do? They are all around us."

"So where does that leave me?"

"It is that Buddha. He does not believe you are an English soldier, or you would not have it. He has fed British soldiers before, and helped them on their way. But he has reported the Buddha, claiming the Japanese will think kindly of him. He thinks you are a Japanese messenger—"

"A traitor?"

"If you say it. That Buddha—it has a Japanese symbol on the bottom the headman knows about. It is most important."

The Buddha was lying on top of my neatly laundered clothes, and I picked it up. It did have a symbol stamped on the bottom, but I had previously assumed it to be nothing more than some kind of Oriental trademark. That symbol won't betray me, I thought.

"Maybe you will feel well enough to leave before the Japs get here," Ma Pu suggested.

Four more days were to pass before I could stand without reeling. My first impulse was to get rid of the Buddha. But the minute I thrust my head out of the open doorway, a flock of kids surrounded me and I knew there would be no escaping them. Anything I tried to hide or throw away, they would recover. I looked around for a hiding place inside my hut. The hard-packed dirt floor would reveal any fresh hole; the woven bamboo walls were too thin; and there was no

way of parting the thick thatching of the roof, stained dark brown with smoke, without showing some of the bright yellow inner fibers. I would have to wait until after dark, make my escape, and then fling the Buddha far into the jungle.

All I had with me in the hut were my clothes and the idol, but that could be enough. Two of my trouser buttons were made of special metals. You cut them off, and placed one button on top of the other. The top button would pivot on a tiny bearing and point out true north and magnetic north, which are the same in Burma. The trouser button compass was one of Wingate's most ingenious devices, and as far as I know, the Japs never did get wise to it.

I had only the vaguest notion of where I was, but I thought that by heading northwest I would sooner or later reach British or American troops in Assam.

I was feeling very chipper, buoyed up by the thought of escape, when I heard the excitement at the south end of the village. I looked out. Japs. My first actual sight of the enemy. Everything in me screamed, "Run!" but I couldn't move. The whirling black spots returned before my eyes, and I thought I was going to fall. When I saw the headman point at my hut, and the Japs shift their guns to the ready, I braced myself for the plowing shock of bullets.

What kept me on my feet, and saved me from the ignominy of fainting, was the Jap leader's treatment of the headman. Even though he had turned me in, he was a good Joe who had saved my life when I was sick, and when the Jap leader slapped him to his knees and then belted him over on his back, my gorge rose.

I was standing straight when they moved in on me. Enough so that they were cautious even when they could see I was unarmed. I stepped out, and four or five silently surrounded me. The leader entered the hut, returning a moment later with the brass idol, which he examined curiously, paying special attention to the symbol on the bottom. Then with something like respect, he spoke to me in Japanese. I shook my head, and answered in English. He shook his head.

But his sign language was effective. When we started marching, I had no difficulty in understanding that I was to march with them.

There were 12 men in the group, including the leader, a captain. Despite my weakened condition, I never missed a step in the 12-mile march that finally brought us to a large, canvas-covered truck parked in a jungle clearing. I climbed aboard under my own power.

My ride ended some three hours later in a large, permanent-looking camp. The captain led me into a building containing several well-furnished offices. Pausing in front of the largest and most brightly lighted only long enough to return my Buddha, he actually bowed me into the presence of a large, fat colonel who glistened with sweat. There were some more bows to the colonel, and then the captain withdrew backwards, still bowing.

The colonel spoke in English: "You have the information, the statush of Buddha, pleess?"

I handed it over. He examined it approvingly. "We are surprised," he said at last. "Acourse, we did not know who would bring it, but we did not think an Englishman. A Hindu, a Burmese—maybe a Eurasian—but we did not think an Englishman. But you must be the man. You have the Buddha."

And right there began my "indiscretion." During the long train trip across India, the veterans in my compartment had frequently talked of a Eurasian born of a French father and a Kashmiri mother. The boy had spent most of his life in France, returning just before the war to join the Royal Army Medical Corps. He was up for court-martial for desertion, and all the evidence indicated that he was no good. His defense was that as a Eurasian he had been ignored by the Indians and treated with contempt by the British because of his mixed blood. From what I had heard, he was one of those cringing characters who would be treated with contempt regardless of race, but now, in an inspired or desperate moment, I thought I could use him. I, too, had spent part of my youth in France.

"I am not English," I blurted. "I am French, of a Kashmiri mother. Those British, those dogs—how they treated me, calling me colored! I have good reason to hate the English."

Then came the grilling. The colonel was no fool, but he had no way of checking my story. I told him that I had been approached as likely material by the Jap Fifth Column.

About all I knew of the Jap Fifth Column was what I had heard during the bull sessions on the train, but with my life hanging on my words, I talked very convincingly.

I knew that one of the first Indian leaders to rebel against English rule was a man named Subhas Chandra Bose. When the Japs invaded Burma, he welcomed them as the allies who would run the British out of India. Some of his followers joined his Indian National Army and allied themselves with the Japanese

as comrades in arms. Others had become Fifth Columnists spread all over India. They were zealots, almost as fanatical in their devotion to Subhas Chandra Bose as the Japs were to their emperor. I threw all the dope I had at the colonel.

He missed whatever holes there were in my story, and said finally, "You have done well. Tomorrow I will have you flown to Rangoon to the headquarters of the Babu Amar Singh Espionage Group. There you will complete your mission and be properly rewarded."

That night I was fed and housed like a very important person, but I remember nothing about it. Every moment was getting me deeper in trouble, and further away from Assam. And all the lies I had told—how could I recall them to keep my story straight? I forgot my sickness as I tossed all night memorizing my lines: "I am Maurice Derocque, No. 5895643, of the Royal Medical Corps, attached to Wingate's Raiders. I was born in Chandernagore on February 26, 1920, but because I was raised in Paris and London, I can speak no Indian language."

On and on I went until I was sure I could repeat the whole story even with lighted splinters shoved under my fingernails. Then I slept.

My arrival in Rangoon was expected. I was swiftly rushed to a closed car, and driven across town. When we stopped, it was in the driveway of a large, modern villa, obviously once the home of a wealthy Englishman.

Everything was adding up too big. Ever since the headman had turned me over to the Japs because of the idol, I had known it was important, but I had thought of it only as something that would identify me as the messenger from Dimapur. Except for the little symbol on the bottom, it had no other inscription, nor was there the slightest sign that it had been bored into, a message inserted, and then resealed. Besides, its weight was such that it did not seem hollow.

Whatever the idol was, it had carried me far beyond my depth.

Inside the villa I was ushered into a large, richly furnished room occupied by a dignified, gray-haired Sikh flanked on either side by a Japanese major.

With relief I saw it was the Sikh who was in command. Even though he had turned against the British, he looked like the kind who would simply throw me in prison, not torture me. His welcoming speech, too, was in keeping with his gray hair. Then he took the idol in his hands and fondled it.

(To Be Continued in July Issue)

BOOK REVIEWS



Edited by **BOYD SINCLAIR**

THE HEART OF INDIA. By Alexander Campbell. 333 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1958. \$5.

Here's Mother India with her make-up off, the old lady who "changes slowly, if at all." You old CBI-wallahs will spot many an old familiar thing in it—India as you knew her. The Scotch author spent two years doing it. India may not like it.

THE MOON OF BEAUTY. By Jorgen Andersen-Rosendal. 255 pages. The John Day Company, New York, 1958. \$3.95.

Here's one man, a Danish journalist, who met the ladies in the East, mainly in India, Japan and Bali. Where we were, they generally went in when the sun went down. Your wife can find out how it feels to have five husbands in this book.

YONDER ONE WORLD. By Frank Moraes. 209 pages. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1958. \$3.75.

Frank Moraes is an intelligent Indian newspaperman who is generally regarded as pro-Indian, pro-democratic, and pro-American. His book is a brief tour of East, South and Southeast Asia, Australia, West Germany, and the United States.

SCRATCHES ON OUR MINDS. By Harold Isaacs. 416 pages. The John Day Company, New York, 1958. \$6.75.

Harold Isaacs was a news correspondent in CBI. In this book, he interviews 181 Americans about their impressions of China and India. Those interviewed were "leadership" types. Result: stereotypes, vagueness, prejudice, real knowledge.

THUNDER IN THE DISTANCE. By Jacques Le Clercq. 330 pages. Sheed and Ward, New York, 1958. \$5.

The biography of Pere Lebbe, a Roman Catholic priest, translated from the French by George Lamb. It is the story of the priest's missionary work and of his efforts which led to acceptance of Chinese bishops by the church.

IN THE ARENA. By Isobel Kuhn. 222 pages. The Moody Press, Chicago, 1958. \$3.

The author of this biographical, religious work relates her experiences in the introduction of Christianity into areas

of China which had never heard of it. She worked for the China Inland Mission there in Thailand from 1929 to 1954.

AN ELEPHANT FOR ARISTOTLE. By L. Sprague de Camp. 360 pages. Doubleday and Company, New York, 1958. \$3.95.

An unusual, amusing historical novel about a Macedonian sergeant who is entrusted by Alexander the Great with the transportation of an elephant from India to Athens. It's a long, funny way from Khyber Pass to the Acropolis.

DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER. By Tsao Hsueh-chin and Kao Ou. 574 pages. Twayne Publishers, New York, 1958. \$6.

The past month we noted another edition of this novel, often termed "China's greatest." This one, translated by Chichen Wang, will probably be more acceptable to the average reader. This translation is shorter and less pedantic in style.

ALL THE BEST IN JAPAN. By Sidney Clark. 316 pages. Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, 1958. \$4.95.

This travel volume is a guide to the Land of the Rising Sun, its hotels and restaurants, its entertainment, and its places of interest. It also has similar but less detailed information on Manila, Hong Kong and Macao.

THE CAMEL'S BACK. By Reginald Davies. 221 pages. Transatlantic Arts, Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida, 1958. \$5.50.

This book is an import from a British publisher about an Englishman's public service in the Sudan. He tells of his experiences in the Sudanese rural areas, where he was in the political service. He describes a pilgrimage to Mecca.

THE SURVIVOR. By John Ehle. 300 pages. Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1958. \$3.95.

This is the biography of Eddy Hukov, a Pole, formerly a storm trooper of the Nazis and a member of the French Foreign Legion. The fact that he now lives in Bangkok, Thailand, is excuse enough for noting his amazing life story here.

NAGAKO, EMPRESS OF JAPAN. By Itoko Koyama. 189 pages. The John Day Company, New York, 1958. \$3.50.

A brief, romantic, and quaintly phrased biography of the present Empress of Japan, written from interviews with people in the royal household. Tells of her duties as the wife of the Emperor and their struggle for a modern Japan.

BURMESE DAYS. By George Orwell. 252 pages. Popular Library, New York, 1958. 35c.

George Orwell was one of the finest writers in the English language—in this age, or any other. We are certainly pleased to see his novel about Burma in this popularly priced edition. Orwell's always worth your time.

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How Are Things In China Today?

By FERNAND MOULIER

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PEIPING, RED CHINA—"Before the liberation, China was living in poverty. Today it is still very poor.

"We are now entering the second five-year plan and we will need many more five-year plans before the 640 million Chinese—who by then will have become one billion—can enjoy a certain amount of comfort."

A high government official said this as he told me about the recent 15 per cent cut in rents, alarm clocks and electric light bulbs.

A revolt as meticulous as the Chinese revolution could not fail to adopt the most complex method in existence for calculating rentals based on the so-called "occupied surface-compensated price" system.

This is a calculation based on a ratio between the surface occupied and the new costs of living, as used in French rent controls.

(China is undoubtedly the only country in the world where the prices of consumer goods have not increased for the past nine years, and where salaries also have remained stable.)

The standard of living, however, is low.

Manufactured products are mediocre in quality. Food is sufficient. But the possibilities of purchasing other things are limited by lack of money.

Earns \$24 a Month

Let figures tell their story:

The J.M. P., or "people's money," which is still called commonly the "yuan" except in the People's Bank, is worth about 40 cents.

I know a 38-year-old workman who is married and the father of two children. He earns 60 yuan (about \$24) a month. His wife earns 40 yuan (\$16) as an office worker.

Shoes Cost \$10

The family lives in three tiny rooms and pays rent of 10 yuan (\$4) a month including water and electricity, or about one-tenth of the family income.

But a pair of leather shoes costs 25 yuan (\$10). The husband has only one pair of shoes, which he wears only when the

streets become muddy mires—two months a year.

He prefers to wear the traditional canvas sandals, manufactured here by the billions, at an average price of 5 yuan (\$2) a pair.

Flour, Meat Rationed

The following products are rationed for the 5,420,000 residents of Peiping (rationing is more severe in the south):

Flour, the staple product of the diet in the north, grains and rice. The ration is 35 pounds of flour a month per person, at a cost of 20 Chinese cents (8 U. S. cents) a pound.

Oil: 12 ounces or 28 grams a month, at 70 Chinese cents (28 cents) for 12 ounces.

Meat: one yuan (40 cents) worth a month per family.

Cotton textiles: a 14-foot bolt of 2-foot-wide cloth every six months at 20 to 50 Chinese cents (8 to 20 cents) a foot.

Fabrics Problem

The supply of fabrics is a real problem. Cotton cloth has to serve for every use—clothing, sheets, table linen, handkerchiefs and curtains.

About 6½ feet are needed for a jacket and 7 feet for a pair of trousers, which means about half a foot is left. What can be done with it?

For some time yet, China will continue to be dressed in blue cloth or in green for the women. The manufacturing of this cloth is inexpensive and mass production rules out any variety of colors.

Uniformity

Uniformity in clothing is an economic necessity, and it would be absurd to see in this a desire for regimentation.

Woolen and silk goods are sold unrationed. But they range in price from 10 to 60 yuan (\$4 to \$24) a foot.

Excellent silk hosiery costs 15 yuan (\$6).

Food Is Cheap

Food is cheap. A cabbage costs 20 Chinese cents (8 U. S. cents), and so does a pound of oranges, apples or pears. Grapes cost 50 Chinese cents (20 cents) a pound, eggs 70 Chinese cents (28 cents) a dozen.

A bottle of beer sells for 56 Chinese cents (22 cents), and a bottle of yellow wine 3 yuan (\$1.20).

Sugar is 60 Chinese cents (24 cents) a pound. An enormous—and, I might add,

How Are Things In China Today?

delicious—fresh river or lake fish costs 1½ yuan (60 cents).

It is impossible to find fats on the market, and there are no potatoes available in the winter.

In the best Chinese restaurant in Peiping, the Orchard, which corresponds more or less to the Club 21 in New York or Laperouse in Paris, a sumptuous 15-course meal costs about 10 yuan (\$4) maximum.

\$2,000 for House

A 10-room house sells for 5,000 yuan (\$2,000) and prices scale downward.

Furniture is cheap and hideous. A table costs 20 yuan (\$8) and a chair 6 yuan (\$2.40).

Coal costs 28 yuan (\$11.20) a ton.

An "amah," a domestic servant who does everything except the cooking, earns 30 yuan (\$12) a month and a cook double that amount.

A radio sells for 120 yuan (\$48) which is double the average monthly salary.

A bicycle—an indispensable means of transport to work because of the 50-mile expanse of the Greater Peiping area—costs 160 yuan (\$64) and a Japanese or English bike is double the price.

Medical consultations at a hospital cost 10 yuan (\$4) but medications, generally herbs or vegetal drugs, or an acupuncture treatment (with needles), are free for workers.

An X-ray examination costs 50 Chinese cents (20 cents) but one has to be seriously ill.

Movie admission is 30 Chinese cents (12 cents), and the opera costs 30 to 150 Chinese cents (12 to 60 cents).

Papers for Two Cents

Newspapers sell for 5 Chinese cents (2 cents), except for the party organ Jen Minh Jih Pao, which is double that.

A one-month commutation ticket for bus or trolley car, valid for use in the entire city, costs only 3½ yuan (\$1.40), but it is difficult to find space during rush hours.

A pedicab (bicycle-taxi) costs 50 Chinese cents (20 cents) a kilometer, which is five-eighths of a mile.

Regular taxis, however, are very expensive—and a trip by taxi in Peiping may cost anywhere from 2 to 25 yuan (80 cents to \$10). Taxis are in practice reserved for foreigners.

To my astonishment, I discovered a latest-model Leica camera in a shop with a 3,300 yuan (\$1,320) price tag. I also saw American nylon hosiery for 20 yuan (\$8).

The case of the Leica puzzled me a

long time. Finally, I got an answer to my question.

Who buys these cameras? Official photographers and high government officials.

The camera then becomes "people's property" but wasn't it that when it was in the shop window? I wouldn't know how to answer this question.

Antique dealers and peddlers come to see me occasionally to show me vases, rugs or engravings.

Everything always has a fixed price tag and the seller always gives you a receipt.

None of the objects is of great value, in any case, since it is forbidden to take out of China any piece that is more than 80 years old.

Bloom With Good Health

Books are practically given away—they cost only a few Chinese cents. At a book-stall in the covered market, I found a French book published in 1927 entitled: "The Ravages of Communism in the U.S.S.R."

My conclusion is this: The Chinese in the Year 9 of the liberation has what he needs for normal living.

He is badly dressed by our standards, especially in the winter.

He is ill-housed and by and large doesn't have the comforts of home as we know them.

But nowhere in Asia, except Japan, have I seen men and women so blooming with good health.

I have been living in my house in the Chinese manner without any special privileges, and I have been doing very well.

Of course, that doesn't stop me from dreaming about a nice steak with French fried potatoes and a bottle of beaulois.

But that's another story.

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CHINESE COOLIES trot along a well-worn path in interior China, carrying heavy loads from the poles across their shoulders. U. S. Army photo.

Automotive Maintenance

● Was with the 497th Service Squadron, 44th Service Group, stationed at Dinjan, India, most of the time. Would like to hear from anyone in automotive maintenance in this group.

GEORGE R. SCHUTT,
565 K Street
Renton, Wash.

Words Echoed

● I can truthfully say I enjoyed "Was This Trip Necessary?" by Henry Lynn in the May issue. His words would echo mine, since I was unfortunate enough to have made that same rail trip to Calcutta in 1944. I have had a determined hatred for railroads ever since!

MIKE PUDLIK,
Springfield, Mo.

Inexperienced Hagglers

● "The Dying Art of Hagglng" (Apr.) is a masterpiece! Until the American GI arrived in India, very few firms had set prices on merchandise. The merchant-wallahs expected people to haggle over their prices, and some would rather lose a sale than to sell an object at the first price offered. It's a game with them and if you didn't want to play the game, then they figured you didn't want the item very badly. But the more aggressive merchants soon learned that when they asked Rs. 100 for something they actually hoped to sell for Rs. 25, the inexperienced GI would walk away, feeling the price was outrageous. After a few months of this, the merchant brought the price down to Rs. 35, made an extra profit and did a thriving business among the Americans. By 1945, about the only merchants who would bargain were those in out-of-the-way shops who catered mostly to Europeans and Indians.

HARWELL L. C. SIMS,
Karachi, Pakistan

Liked Train Rides!

● Lynn's article concerning his journey to Calcutta by the Bengal & Assam railway (May) makes good reading, but he apparently found only the gloomy side of the train ride. I had made that trip, not once but many times, and though I will admit it isn't like riding the Union Pacific "City of Los Angeles," it did afford an opportunity to see the India countryside as it really is. The guys—and there were thousands—who saw only the big cities in India can't say with conviction that they have seen India. Only by getting out among the rural peoples of India can you know what they are like. Riding that train gave me an education as to how India's millions really live.

JOHN GROSSMAN,
Trenton, N. J.

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CBI-er's Viewpoint

This month's question:

Which of your "likes or dislikes" about the food in CBI do you particularly remember? Do you ever order Chinese or Indian food now when you eat in a restaurant?

JERRY LEE WONG, Tucson, Ariz.—"Being of Chinese extraction, I am naturally partial to food of the Orient. But I had occasion to taste that awful Indian stuff while in Agra and it was my first and last try at it. I don't think I am being out of line in saying Chinese food is far better. Give me a bowl of chow mein anytime!"

CLYDE COWAN, Seattle, Wash.—"WORST GRUB: Camp Kulobo, near Bombay. Prepared by filthy wogs (wearing smocks like pregnant women). Oh, my poor belly! Many 100-yard dashes in 10 sec. flat. BEST CHOW: The line mess hall on the Chabua air strip. Open 24 hours a day; help yourself! All the cake, corn fritters you want. And real (I think) maple syrup! I would say it was better eating than I get now, but the wife might see this, so I won't. NOW: The Chinese cooks in Seattle are not impressed with my 'Ding and Boo Haos' as most of them have never been outside the U. S. A. and few have ever heard of Chungking. Some places here have rice curry on the menu, but seem to be 'just out' most of the time."

JACK MANDERSON, Des Moines, Iowa—"The cooked cabbage we had in China will always remain as a horrible memory. Knowing what made it grow, of course, I could understand the necessity for having it well cooked. But after several hours of cooking, the taste was terrible. I occasionally order Chinese food, but I make sure there's no cabbage in it."

CLYDE SERIANNO, Newark, N. J.—"It's a funny thing about Indian food, as concerns me: While in India, I was afraid to try some, especially when most restaurants offering Indian food were few and far between. Most of those which were "In Bounds" sure didn't appeal to me. But I did try some Indian curry which I liked very much. When I returned home—or I should say a few years afterward—my wife found a recipe for shrimp and curry and fixed it for me. It brought back memories and I must confess it is a delicious dish. We have since bought

a book of Indian recipes which appeared in Roundup's book section not long ago and we have tried several dishes. Some good and some not so hot. I believe Indian dishes are becoming more popular here since the war."

Mrs. BERNICE E. SIEGER, Clovis, N. M.—"I was privileged, while stationed at Hastings Mill, to dine with a wealthy Indian family. It was my first trial at Indian food and the nine-course meal was very interesting. I did not say delicious, merely interesting. I came to the conclusion rapidly that Indian dishes look better than they taste. At least I found it so at the home of Mr. Gopal. I have tried none since and actually have never had the desire since returning to the States."

JAMES H. LEIZER, Fraser, Colo.—"In my travels around the nation, I have often wondered why you see so many Chinese restaurants and only in New York do you find a restaurant that serves Indian food. When properly prepared, Indian food is excellent. I had it many times while in India, often in not-so-sanitary conditions, but nevertheless it was delicious. People with so little variety in their diet must have appetizing dishes or they otherwise would have little enjoyment out of eating. I feel the Indians have accomplished this with their various curry dishes alone. My wife does not like spicy foods, so the only time I can taste it is when in New York."

KENNETH RHOADS, Kalamazoo, Mich.—"Of all the foods I ever ate
In the mystic CBI,
There is one that jogs my memory
Of the days and years gone by.
I remember up in China
At the start of each new day,
I'd walk into the messhall
And hear the gold-toothed waiter say:
'Hota cakes and fles eggis?
You say how much,' And then
I'd say, 'I'll go for four of each;
That's chow for working men.'
And now when I recall those days
Way back in Old Cathay;
It gives me quite a chuckle
In a wholesome, homey way."

Next month's question:

Do you think CBI-ers may have been sent home too soon after the war? What effect, if any, do you think it would have had on world conditions had American forces stayed in China until early 1947?

Send your reply to above question to the editors for inclusion in next issue.



WATER BUFFALO escape from the heat by taking refuge in the water near Benares, India. Photo by J. T. Howard.

Major Fuller Dies

● Major Henry (Hank) W. Fuller, 42, former Flying Tiger and since 1949 an attorney at Kendall, Fla., died April 7 at his home in Miami of a blood clot on the brain. He was one of the first 10 pilots to fly the Fireball Express which operated from Miami to India. In 1940 Major Fuller was commissioned in the Air Corps; the next year he volunteered for the Flying Tigers. He later became a pilot for Pan American World Airways, then returned to the Air Corps until the end of the war. Born in St. Petersburg, he was graduated from Ponce de Leon High School and the University of Miami. He studied law at UM after the war. His wife and a daughter survive.

LOCH GARY,
Miami, Fla.

India's Snakes

● "Speaking of Snakes" (May) brought to mind an experience that occurs everytime I tell someone I was in India during the war. I don't know why, but it seems everyone associates India with snakes, or vice versa. Their first question invariably is, "Did you see any snakes over there?"

ANTHONY J. RUSSELL,
Washington, D. C.

Post Office Unit

● Would like to see something about the Sixth Base Post Office stationed in India during World War II.

ALLAN F. HEBERT,
White Castle, La.

Under General Ravdin

● Was stationed at the 20th General Hospital in India under General Ravdin from 1943 through 1945.

ARTHUR
ANGSTENBERGER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Gen. Smykal's Death

● Generals Stilwell, Pick, Merrill, and now Smykal. It was with much sadness that I read of his recent death. Our numbers grow less each year.

HARRY N. KIBLER,
Provo, Utah

Final Death Plunge

● Sorry to learn of the death of Lt. Col. Jacob Manch, one of Doolittle's raiders (May). He was as gallant in life as he was in his final death plunge in Nevada.

FRED F. BURNS,
Los Angeles, Calif.

"CINCY in '58"

● Former members of the 2nd Troop Carrier Squadron are planning to get together this year at the CBIVA national convention in Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 14-16. To everyone who served in the old "2nd" we say, "See you in Cincy in '58." If you plan to be with us, drop a card to George Lisniewicz, 18668 Shaftsbury, Detroit 19, Mich., or to me.

RUSSELL C. KOPPLIN,
3520 S. Logan Ave.
Milwaukee 7, Wis.



SOLDIER of the 50th Division watches the burning brush at Hsipaw, Burma, as an effort is made to flush out Japanese snipers. U. S. Army photo.

Decorated Company

● Was with the 3841st QM Truck Co. all over Assam and Burma. Built and ran Convoy Control Station No. 3 at Panpa, until the brass moved in and took over. Am now art department manager of The Pittsburgh Press and it certainly does beat hell out of soldiering or working. Here's a clipping about the 3841st: "One of the most-decorated companies in Advance Section—the 3841st QM Truck Company—has left after 30 months of service. Among its decorations, the unit boasts six Purple Hearts, 110 Air Medals with 83 first Oak Leaf Clusters and 33 second Oak Leaf Clusters, 64 Distinguished Flying Crosses with 41 first Oak Leaf Clusters and 14 second Oak Leaf Clusters, and the Meritorious Unit Service Plaque. The 3841st was the original unit to 'kick' supplies to combat. They packed, trucked and kicked supplies, losing 32 men killed in action and three missing. Later the unit trucked pipe and operated nine China convoy stations between Ledo and Kunming."

W. J. WINSTEIN,
Bridgeville, Pa.

Cobra Stunt

● Just in case anyone does not believe the story of Fr. Richard Welfle (May) about the Punjabi who bites off the heads of deadly cobras, I have a large photograph of an Indian magician who had just bitten off the head of a snake of some kind.

HAROLD B. SCHAFER,
Texas City, Texas

CBIVA Headquarters

● I was pleased to note in the May issue that the CBI Veterans Association will dedicate its new national headquarters at Milwaukee in June. I think it's wonderful that at last CBI veterans have a permanent office. Congratulations!

MARLENE F. SMITH,
Cicero, Ill.

Tons of Fresh Meat!

● On page 4 of the May issue you printed a letter from James L. Unger who makes light of the 758th Railway Shop Battalion's efforts in insulating boxcars for use as refrigerator cars. Unger says the only meat he tasted in CBI was Spam, Vienna Sausage and "some low grade of buffalo meat." Now, either Unger spent only a few months in India, or he was buried somewhere in the middle of the Assam jungles. But the Quartermaster Corps processed many thousands of tons of good beef for GI's during 1945 alone. We had a slaughterhouse in New Delhi that I know of. Just who is Unger trying to impress with his remarks?

CARL L. TURNER,
Lincoln, Neb.

Former PX Officer

● I was the PX officer in Calcutta at the Hindustan Building. I now represent a wholesale jewelry firm, and also have a retail store.

W. B. O'HANLEY,
Newport, R. I.

Graceful P-38's

● Did my heart good to see that picture of the old P-38's flying over India. I have never seen a more graceful airplane than the twin-fuselage P-38. Wonder what ever happened to all of them?

WALTER S. HEARTZ,
Denver City, Texas

We can tell you firsthand that the P-38's left in India after the war were chopped to bits for scrap at Pantagah in early 1946.—Eds.



HINDU TEMPLE near Asansol. Photo by Nick Katsaras.

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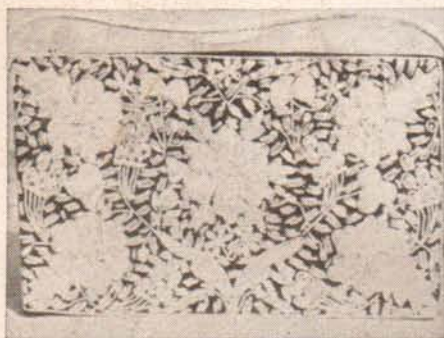
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